How Two Farmers, Once Friends, Were Made Enemies by an Unwise Measure.

A Slaughter of Domestic Fowls Which Furnished a Woman Pin Money

Farmer Stephen Makes a Fool of Himself Every Day for Two Weeks--Warning to Law Makers.

A Danbury (Conn.) correspondent of the New York Sun writes: That peculiar hen law passed by the last legislature at Hartford has had a disastrous effect on a well known Danbury farmer's hennery, and has caused the dissolution of ties of friendship which have existed since the two farmers were boys and fought to escort the same girl home from singing school. Darius and Stephen are the front names of the two for-

Stephen is a man who devotes his time to raising garden truck. After the hen bill became a law last June he had a field of fine sweet corn, which was coming along nicely. Hens would get into it, however, and one afternoon he found a large patch of the corn ruined. Returning to his home he took down his shotgun, loaded it and, calling on Darius, he began, patting his

calling on Darius, he began patchig his gun significantly:

'Dari, ef I see eny more o' your chickens in my corn I'll dispose of 'em to wunst, an' the law'll uphold me in it, too. I gin you fair warning' Darl, an' now I'm goin' fer 'em every time I see 'em."

"But Stephen—" began Darlus, in an explanitary tone, but he was shut off by his people of the part of the

neighbor, who said:
"Now I don't want any words. Ef you don't keep your chickens outen my crop i'il shoot 'em on the spot, and the law'll uphold

me in it."

The next morning the report of the gun was heard in Stephen's corn field, and in a few minutes that party approached Darius' house and threw over the fence as sleek and plump a rooster as ever stratched up corn hills for a numerous harem. Mrs. Darius went out and picked up the fowl, and at noon the family enjoyed a chicken potple. For a week every morning Stephen's gun was heard, and one or two and sometimes three For a week every morning Stephen's gun was heard, and one or two and sometimes three hens or roosters would be thrown over into Darlus' yard. His wife picked them up, dressed them, and, like all country housewives, dried the feathers under the stove and stowed them away for further use in cushions for Darius' arm chair, or pillow for the lounge. What Darius' family, which was a good sized one, could not eat of the fowls were sold to the market men when they came around, and the good wife already had a nice little sum of money laid by in a broken blue saucer on the pantry shelf, which she expected to devote to purchases when she went into town again.

Finally Stephen's wife remarked to him one evening that her chickens were disappearing remarkably fast, and she couldn't understand it.

"I reekin that blamed fox is around ag'in," said he, "and I'll lay for him with my gun. I'm getting to be quite a shot;" and he chuckled as he remembered how he had filled Darius' hens with bird shot. The next morning he started bright and early for the corn field with his trusty gun. There was the flock scratching away as usual. Stephen singled out a fine rooster and laid him out cold. Picking him uphe proceeded as usual to take him to Darius' yard and throw him over the fence. Mrs. Darius was in the yard as the rooster struck the ground.

"Thank you, Stephen," said she, as she picked it up and started for the house.

"Mrs. Darius, how many chickens o' yourn have I killed in the past ten days?" asked Stephen.

"Chickens of ours? Why, Stephen, we never kept a chicken in our lives, said the women, while a suppressed smile crept into her eyes, though her face was sober enough.

"Great Christopher! Hain't them your

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We want every mother to know that crowp can be prevented. There is no question about this; as it has been done in thousands of cases, and you may depend upon it that when a child takes the croup, it is who!!y owing to the negligence of its parents. True croup never appears without due and timely warning; a few hours or a day or two before the attack, the child becomes hoarse. This hoarseness is the first indication of croup, and is a sure sign that croup is to follow, unless promptly and properly treated. The free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed with each bottle, under the heading, "to prevent croup," will dispel all symptoms of the disease. The first sign of croup, hoarseness, may be overlooked by yovng mothers or those not familiar with the disease. Under such circumstances, or when not properly treated, the hoarseness becomes more marked and the child shows symptoms of having taken cold, then a peculiar rough cough is developed. Even at this stage Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prement the croup, but after the cough has developed, the croup is liable to appear at any moment. The proper way is to keep a bottle of this remedy at hand. It costs but fifty cents and only a few doses, or at most, not over one-third of a bottle is required to dispel all symptoms of the disease. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? There is not the least danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, which are always required, as it contains no injurious substance. As a proof of this fact, we refer to John L. Olson, of Des Moines, Ia., whose 10-year-old boy drank the entire contents of a fifty cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy without the least injury. For sale by H. M. Parchen & Co.

women, while a suppressed same crept into her eyes, though her face was sober enough.

"Great Christopher! Hain't them your hens I've been shooting all this time?"

"They were not, Stephen, though we have felt grateful to you for your exceeding kindness in giving them to us. We haven't been obliged to buy any meat in two weeks, though I must confess we're getting kind o' tired of chicken, having had thirty of them."

Stephen sat down on a stone and reflected. He remembered his wife's remark about the disappearance of her chickens and, rising, he took his gun and brought it down with a vim across the top rail of the fence, breaking the stock off and bending the barrel. Then he threw the ruins away and went home. He met his wife in the yard and told her the story.

"I've made a consarned old fool of myself. I thought I was mighty smart to kill them hens, for them fellars over to Hartford passed a law sayir' I could. Gosh dang it.

passed a law sayin' I could. Gosh dang it, there's thirty hens as fine as ever was raised there's thirty hens as fine as ever was raised in Fairfield county, and I've killed'em and gin'em to Dari when he hadn't no more right to'em than he has to Gabriel's horn. I'll go to town and see a lawyer, and if the state of Connecticut don't pay me fer them hens, then I'll take the law on the dod-blasted fool what writ it."

LIFE IN A HAREM.

A Detroit Girl Tells of Her Experience-Married to the Sultan.

Among the passengers on the steamer City of New York, which foundered a few days ago, was Josephine Copelan, a pretty Jewess, whose strange experience on the Continent was the subject of much newspaper gossip a few months ago. Miss Copelan was on her way home to Detroit, Mich., where, it is said, she was formerly a leader in Hebrew society, says the New York Times,

A reporter called on her at the American hotel a few days before her departure for Detroit. She is very pretty, and talked merrily of her trip abroad.

"Yes," she replied to an interrogation,
"the stories published in the American
papers about my experience in the Turkish
harem are all true excepting in one particular. For the first time in my recollection
there was an evident spirit not to exag-

gerate.

"It was three years ago last May that I left Detroit in company with a young man, who I supposed to be a true gentleman. Yes, we eloped. Well, we came to this city, where we parted a few weeks after our marriage. He went to Philadelphia, while I soon afterward took my departure for Europe. I landed in London July 4, following, and endeavored to get a situation as private tutor. I had acquired experience in that line in Cleveland, O. My advertisement attracted the attention of a clerk in the Turkish embassy, who anticipated a call to Washington, wanted to have his children instructed in the English language. Soon after I entered his household as instructress he was recalled to Constanas instructress he was recalled to Constantinople. At first I was not much taken up with the idea of accompanying him to the Orient, but after great persuasion I finally consented.

Orient, but after great persuasion I finally consented.

"I think it was in the middle of October that we arrived at the Turkish capital. I soon found that life there was a dream of pleasure, and when my master took sick and died I regretted that I would have to return to London. In the meantime I had been to all the court fetes, and on more than one occasian I had met the sultan. He sent one of his officers to me when my master died, and I was informed that, I might enter the harem—become one of the sultan's 500 wives.

"I didn't know exactly what the harem

"I didn't know exactly what the harem meant, so I consented to enter it. A week later I was brought before the sultan in in-

# fantile costume. There were two English girls admitted the same day, and as I was examined with them I did not mind the necessity of more apparel. The ordeal was a rigid one, however, and we were compelled to submit to all sorts of exposures at the hands of the sultan. I passed a favorable examination before the sultan and one of his high officials. The same afternoon I was placed in charge of one of the most gorgeous chambers in the palace. It was to be mine until I agreed to become one of the sultan's wives. I agreed as soon as I could, and when the Grecian ceremony was per-

and when the Grecian ceremony was per-formed I was removed to a still grander chamber, where I was to remain for good should I become a favorite with the king. "Two days after the marriage ceremony

"Two days after the marriage ceremony was performed I was made the recipient of a second bridal costume, which I was to wear on the occasion of the sultan's first visit to my chamber, which event was to occur on the seventh day of my confinement in the harem. Of course I dreaded the event. I had heard something about it and knew a little of what I was to expect. If I could charm his majesty I was to remain one of his privileged wives. If, on the other hand, I failed to entrance him, I was to be relegated to the innermost circle of the harem, there to live the rest of my life without as much as seeing my husband.

them is a dream of horror.'

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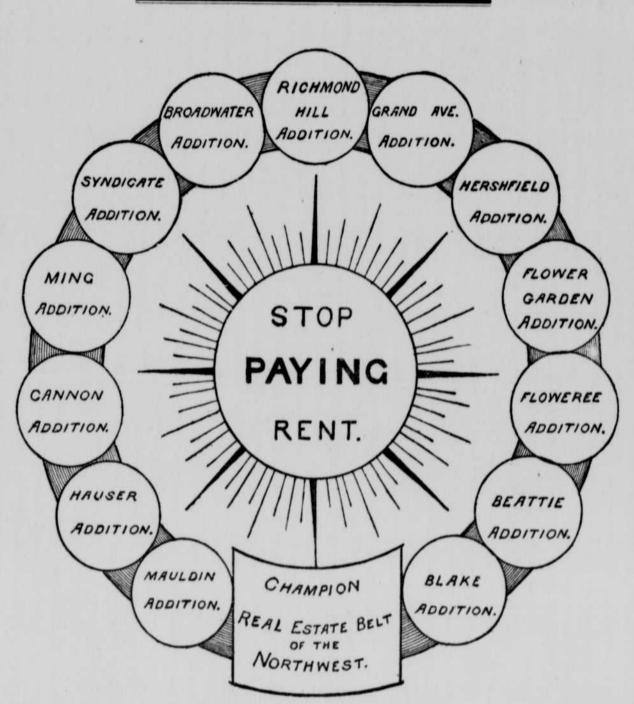
In ...

# relegated to the innermost circle of the harem, there to live the rest of my life without as much as seeing my husband. "Well, the day came. It wouldn't do to tell you all that happened. I was in my second bridal costume, which consisted of lace drapery, a garland crown of flowers and Tarkish sandals—nothing more. When the sultan entered he folded his arms, and, assuming a dignified position, stared right at me. He seemed to look clean through me. Goodness, how I shuddered! Finally he smiled and approached me. Lifting the drapery from me he planted a kiss on my right cheek and then another on my left. Then he kissed my lips. "The following day I was told that I might remain in the privileged circle, and so I lived for two years until my escape, the story of which has been told in the papers some months ago." "Oh, yes, I learned a great many things while in the harem. One thing there struck me above all others. It was the large number of American girls and women who enter the harem. I can't recall the name, but I can recall an instance where an American heiress entered the harem. She remained there for three months, and then bought her way out. She broke her secret to me, and totd me that she only did it that she might have it to say that the king had worshipped at the shrine of her loveliness. There are numbers of such instances." "Yes, they often go to the innermost circle. That is a place to dread. To my positive knowledge there are fourteen American girls there now. They are compelled to submit to the lustful desires of the favored members of the sultan's court, and life with them is a dream of horror." Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Crockery and GLASSWARE!

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